

One: a Rurouni Kenshin Songfic

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Summary: a character peice- Kenshin sings a song with  
Battousai

One: a Rurouni Kenshin Songfic

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Okey-day....yeah I should be working on part 8 of "A New Life", but earlier today, I went on shopping with my mom for my birthday, and along with a cell phone (whoohooo!) I picked up a U2 CD, "Achtung Baby", and rediscovered the song, "One" Well....it grabbed me by the throat, and being the nutcase I am, I instantly applied it to RK I always apply my favorite songs to anime or vice versa. Anyway, y'all know who this stuff belongs to (All Hail Watsuki Nobuhiro!! All Hail Bono, and The Edge!!), so I'll just get on the important stuff....

One

On a darkened stage, two figures could be seen standing under low lighting, and although their faces where shadowed, their red hair glowed like fire, reflecting what light it could find. Behind them a burly man with a cowboy hat and a guitar began the opening to the song. One of the two redheaded figures took a halting step forward as the man finished the intro, this one's high ponytail swishing behind him. He took the microphone in hand, and his cold golden eyes drifted closed as he began to sing...

"Is it getting better? Or do you feel the same?"

Behind him the second red-headed figure only shakes his head, as the first continues-

"Will it make it easier on you, now? You've got someone to blame"

The second figure steps forward, and cuts off the first-

"You've got one love One life When it's one need in the night"

A tear slides down the second man's face, as he sings, smiling a little at a young woman in the front row with long black hair.

"One love, we get to share it. It leaves you, baby, if you don't care for it"

The second leans his mic forward for a second as the cowboy hat-wearing guitar player jumped into a quick interlude. After a second of this, he brings the mic to his mouth again-

"Did I disappoint you? Or leave a bad taste in your mouth?"

Bitterness seemed to drip off the small man's words, and he spared a withering purple sidelong glance at his stage mate, before looking back out at the audience.

"You act like you never had love And you want me to go without"

The first man's golden eyes slowly narrow while he lets his other half upstage him. He wasn't going to take much more of this. His purple-eyed companion finished his verse, and he stepped forward again, the purple eyes now widened in surprise as his golden-eyed half once again stepped forward.

"Well it's too late tonight To drag the past out into the light"

His high ponytail undulated behind him, as he made a quick dismissive gesture.

"We're one, but we're not the same We get to carry each other, carry each other..."

He turned to his stage mate again, his face cold, but his voice dripped with bitterness, and some other emotion unexplainable. His small and seeming frail frame shook as he made his accusation-

"Have you come here for forgiveness? Have you come to raise the debt? Have you come here to play Jesus? To the lepers in your head?"

The other older man shook his head, his face sad. He broke in smoothly, after the other had finished.

"Did I ask too much... more than a lot?"

His mouth quirked into a small smile, while he tried to offer apology. The younger golden-eyed man made a curt gesture with his hand cutting the older man off, his knuckles white on his microphone.

"You gave me nothing, now that's all I've got!"

The younger man broke in again, voicing his frustration, as best he

could. Understanding dawned on the older man's face, and now they continued on together, voices raising in unison.

"We're one, but we're not the same Well we hurt each other, now we do again"

The older man paused for a moment, as his other half continued-

"You say love is a temple, love the higher law Love is a temple, Love the higher law You ask me to enter, and then you make me crawl!"

The golden-eyed one's eyes were shut tightly, looking almost as if he were ready to burst into tears, and some of the people in the front row of the audience did just that. Then it was his turn to pause, and take a calming breath, and he gulped in cool air, as his other half once again, took over.

"And I can't be holding on, To what you've got... When all you've got is hurt"

The older man's smile was warm, and he beckoned the younger one forward again, and took his hand, offering to share his microphone as they began the last verse.

"One love, one blood, One life, you've got to do what you should,"

This was something both halves understood very well, and because of this their voices blended perfectly over the final notes of the song.

"One life, with each other Sisters...brothers... One life, but we're not the same We get to carry each other, carry each other...."

Silence rang in the auditorium for a moment, as the audience absorbed that the song was over. Slowly scattered clapping echoed emptily, and then more joined, until the domed ceiling rang with it.

The two figured embraced, the younger one somewhat stiffly, and the bowed to the crowd as the lights went down, and slowly black.

End  
file.